

# Potosi Journal

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POTOSI, : : : MISSOURI.

As each day dies a new disaster's born.

Missouri mules have been sent to Alaska. Reindeer will soon be looking for new positions.

The average man has from 15 to 20 pockets in his clothes, and about \$2.55 in them altogether.

Japan is rather imposing on good nature by sending 631 coals to the United States on one ship.

English ladies, it is said, are wearing nightcaps quite generally. And English gentlemen quite generally are taking them.

Another "ad" about old profanity is that sometimes when a man is maddest he can't think of the most effective thing to say.

Who a terrible world this would be if we were not permitted to hire lawyers to tell us when to refuse to answer questions.

"A woman should train her husband as one trains a mule," says Carrie Catt. What an interesting sidelight this throws on Mr. Catt!

Most people will be surprised to read that there were more than 8,000,000 Bibles sold in this country last year. If they were only read!

The cause of education in the East is not to suffer. Harvard authorities have decided that the regular football course will be continued next fall.

Railroad and steamboat accidents are ghastly enough, in all conscience, but think what would happen if a crowded ship should go wrong!

Carrie Chapman Catt believes a woman should train her husband as one trains a mule. Mrs. Catt is right. Never sneak up on him from behind.

Consul H. J. Harvey writes from Fort Erie that the development of electric power at Niagara, Ontario, has stimulated many new industries in that district.

Consul General Church Howe, of Montreal, reports that the total immigration into Canada during 1905 was 215,912, an increase of 49 per cent. over 1904.

If the French aeronaut who has made 210 successful attempts has ever studied the law of probabilities he must realize that it is about time for him to quit.

The income of Mrs. William Astor is put down at \$2,500,000 a year, but her resources are practically unlimited. She is now 76 years old and a great grandmother.

Marie Corelli says there is an invisible power which compels her to write. This will lead Hall Caine to believe that invisible powers must be possessed of unworthy tendencies.

Dr. Charles Harrington has recommended that the president extend an invitation to the coming congress of hygiene and demography at Berlin to hold its meeting at Washington in 1909 or 1910.

King Edward is busy revising the prayer book of the Church of England. There was a time when people would have doubted it if they had been told that Edward would ever take up such serious work.

Naturally, the Chicago man who has retired from business with only \$5,000,000, because he "has enough," is being sharply criticized. Why doesn't he keep on working to get money to endow universities and establish educational funds and libraries?

And now the Japanese generals are assassinating Kuroki's so-called history of the late war. The Japanese gentlemen say the story is more of a defense of himself than a statement of actual facts. And when it comes to history it must be admitted the Japanese generals made some themselves.

That this is the children's century was judicially affirmed by the supreme court of Mississippi, says the Baltimore American, which affirmed in a suit for damages brought by the parents of a boy injured by an electric light attached to a tree that the small boy in the pursuit of happiness guaranteed by the constitution has an inalienable right to climb a tree.

"Buffalo robes will soon be a thing of the past," said a local dealer to a Kansas City Star reporter, who has had six robes on sale this winter, the property of a citizen who could not afford to keep the precious skins longer. Five of them have been sold, and while \$500 has been offered for the last of the lot the dealer is holding it for \$600, the price demanded by the owner. The robes are not unusually large, either.

Mulberry plantations are being opened in India with a view to enlarging the propagation of the silkworm, as well as to make the mulberry gardens a distributing center from which cuttings and young plants may be distributed to the public.

The comet that is to strike the earth will not do any damage beyond terrifying the oversensitible, as has for ages been the custom of comets.

The dogs of war in Central America seem disposed to turn into Killikenny cats.

Some people are born lucky. For instance, according to a London paper, there are 16 houses in Limehouse the tenants of which did not pay any rent for several years because no landlord could be found.

A doctor tells the women that they ought not to carry muffs because they contract the chest—and the time will soon be here when they won't.

A balloon corps is to be added to the army, thus insuring a rapid rise for the fortunate few who are selected for membership.



## THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc.  
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### CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

I had been at his house once before; I knew he occupied the left side—the whole of the second floor, so shut off that it not only had a separate entrance, but also could not be reached by those in the right side of the house without descending to the entrance hall and ascending the left stairway.

"Just take my card to his private secretary," Mr. Rathburn said. "Mr. Langdon has doubtless left a message for me."

The butler hesitated, yielded, showed me into the reception room of the entrance hall. I waited a few seconds, then descended the stairway to the left, up which he had disappeared. I entered the small salon in which Langdon had received me on my other visit. From the direction of an open door, I heard his voice—he was saying: "I am not at home. There's no message."

And still I did not realize that it was he who was avoiding!

"It's no use now, Langdon," I called cheerfully. "Beg pardon for seeming to intrude. I misunderstood—or didn't hear where the servant said I was to wait. However, no harm done. So long! I'm off!" But I made no move toward the door by which I had entered; instead, I advanced a few feet nearer the door from which his voice had come.

After a brief—a very brief—pause, there came in Langdon's voice—laughing, not a trace of annoyance: "I might have known! Come in, Matt!"

### IX.

#### LANGDON AT HOME.

I entered, with an amused glance at the butler, who was giving over his heavy countenance to a delightful exhibition of disgust and discomfiture. It was Langdon's sitting room. He had had the carved antique oak interior of a room in an old French palace torn out and transported to New York and set up for him. I had made a study of that sort of thing, and at Dawn Hill had done something toward realizing my own ideas of the splendid. But a glance showed me that I was far surpassed. What I had done seemed in comparison like the composition of a school boy beside an essay by Goldsmith or Hazlitt.

And in the midst of this quiet splendor sat, or rather lounged, Langdon, reading the newspapers. He was dressed in a dark blue velvet house suit with facings and cords of blue silk a shade or so lighter than the suit. I had always thought him handsome; he looked now like a god. He was smoking a cigarette in an oriental holder nearly a foot long; but the air of the room, so perfect was the ventilation, instead of being scented with tobacco, had the odor of some fresh, clean, slightly saline perfume.

I think what was in my mind must have shown in my face, must have subtly flattered him, for, when I looked at him, he was giving me a look of genuine friendly kindness. "This is—perfect, Langdon," said I. And I think I'm a judge.

"Glad you like it," said he, trying to dissemble his satisfaction in so strongly impressing me.

"You must take me through your house sometime," I went on. "I'm going to build soon. No—don't be afraid I'll intrude. I'm too vain for that. But I want suggestions. I'm not ashamed to go to school to a master—to anybody, for that matter."

"Why do you build?" said he. "A town house is a nuisance. It could induce my wife to take the children to the country to live, I'd dispose of this."

"That's it—the wife," said I. "But you have no wife. At least—"

"No," I replied with a laugh. "Not yet. But I'm going to have."

Suddenly my mind reverted to my business. "How do you account for the steadiness of textile, Langdon?" I asked, returning to the carved sitting-room and trying to put those surroundings out of my mind.

"I don't account for it," was his languid, uninterested reply.

"Any of your people under the market?"

"It isn't to my interest to have it reported, is it?" he replied.

"I know that," I admitted. "But why doesn't it drop?"

"Those letters of yours may have overeducated the public in confidence," suggested he. "Your followers have the habit of believing implicitly whatever you say."

"Yes, but I haven't written a line about textile for nearly a month now." I pretended to object, my vanity fairly purring with pleasure.

"That's the only reason I can give," said he.

"You are sure none of your people is supporting the stock?" I asked, as a form and not for information; for I thought I knew they weren't—I trusted him to have seen to that.

"I'd like to get my holdings back," said he. "I can't buy until it's down. And I know none of my people would dare support it."

"Well, then, the price must break," said I. "It won't be many days before the public begins to realize that there isn't anybody under textile."

"No sharp break!" he said carelessly. "No panic!"

"I'll see to that," replied I, with no shadow of a notion of the subtlety behind his warning.

I hope it will break soon," he then said, adding in his friendliest voice with what I now knew was malignant treachery: "You owe it to me to bring it down." That meant that he wished me to increase my already far too heavy and dangerous line of shorts.

Just then a voice—a woman's voice

—came from the salon. "May I come in?" Do I interrupt?" it said, and its tone struck me as having in it something of plaintive appeal.

"Excuse me a minute, Blacklock," said he, rising with what was for him haste.

But he was too late. The woman entered, searching the room with a piercing, suspicious gaze. At once I saw, behind that look, a jealousy that poured on every subject that came into its view, and studied it with a hope that feared and a fear that hoped. When her eyes had toured the room, they paused upon him, seemed to be saying: "You've baffled me again, but I'm not discouraged. I shall catch you yet."

"Well, my dear?" said Langdon, whom she seemed faintly to amuse. "It's only Mr. Blacklock. Mr. Blacklock, my wife."

I bowed; she looked coldly at me, and her slight nod was more than a hint that she wished to be left alone with her husband.

I said to him: "Well, I'll be off. Thank you for—"

"One moment," he interrupted. Then to his wife: "Anything special?" She flushed. "No—nothing special. I just came to see you. But if I am disturbing you—as usual—"

"Not at all," said he. "When Blacklock and I have finished, I'll come to you. It won't be longer than an hour—or so."

When we were seated again, Langdon, after a few reflective puffs at his

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And so I left him, with a look in his eyes that came back to me long afterward when I realized the full meaning of that apparently almost commonplace interview.

The same day I began to plunge on textile, watching the market closely, that I might go more slowly should there be signs of a dangerous break—for no more than Langdon did I want a sudden panicky slump. The price held steady, however, but I, fool that I was, certain the fall must come, plunged on, digging the pit for my own destruction deeper and deeper.

### TWO "PILLARS OF SOCIETY."

I was neither seeing nor hearing from the Ellerslys, father or son, but as I knew why, I was not disquieted. I had made them temporarily easy in their finances just before that dinner, and they, being fatuous, incurable optimists, were probably imagining they would never need me again. I did not disturb them until Monson and I had got my education so well under way that even I, always severe in self-criticism and now merciless, was compelled to admit to myself a distinct change for the better.

When my education seemed far enough advanced, I sent for Sam. He, after his footless fashion, didn't bother to acknowledge my note. His margin account with me was at the moment straight; I turned to his father. I had my cashier send him a formal, type-written letter signed Blacklock & Co., informing him that we "would be obliged if he would give the matter his immediate attention."

The note must have reached him the following morning, but he did not come until, after waiting three days, "we" sent him a sharp demand for a check for the balance due us.

A pleasing, aristocratic-looking figure he made as he entered my office, with his air of the man whose hands have never known the stains of toil, with his manner of having always received deferential treatment. There was no pretense in my curt greeting, my tone of "despatch your business,

My petty and inevitable success with that helpless creature added amazingly, ludicrously, to that dangerous elation which, as I can now see, had been growing in me ever since the day Roebuck yielded so readily to my demands as to National coal.

The whole trouble with me was that up to that time I had won all my victories by the plainest kind of straightforward work. I was imagining myself victor in contests of wit against wit, when, in fact, no one with any special equipment of brains had ever opposed me; all the really strong men had been helping me because they found me useful. But for my self-hypnotism in the case of Roebuck, I find no excuse whatever for myself.

He sent for me and told me what share in National coal they had decided to give me for my Manassas mines. "Langdon and Melville," said he, "think me too liberal; far too liberal, my boy. But I insisted—in your case I felt we could afford to be generous as well as just." All this with an air that was a combination of the pastor and the parent.

I can't even offer the excuse of not having seen that he was a hypocrite. I felt his hypocrisy at once, and my first impulse was to jump for my breathers. But instantly my vanity got behind me, held me in the open, pushed me on toward him. If you will notice, almost all "confidence" games rely for success chiefly upon enlisting a man's vanity to play the traitor to his judgment. So, instead of reading his liberality as plain proof of intended treachery, I read it as plain proof of my own greatness, and of the fear it had inspired in old Roebuck. Laugh with me if you like, but before you laugh at me, think carefully—those of you who have ever put yourselves to the test on the field of action—think carefully whether you have never found that your head decoration which you thought a crown was in reality the peaked and belled cap of the fool.

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### Alas! For Good Intentions

Minister Meant Well, but He Made Bad Impression on Lunatic.

A certain minister made a visit to an insane asylum. He got in conversation with one of the patients, and to rattle him, agreed with all he said. The following conversation resulted:

"Don't you think it dreadful," said the patient, "that Senator Cameron should have been so murderously sandbagged by that insane division worker just as he was about to vote on election day?"

"Yes," replied the clergyman; "it was indeed regrettable."

"And ex-President Cleveland, have they found the crazy anarchist who stabbed him at the chamber of commerce banquet the other night?"

"I believe they have," replied the now somewhat startled minister.

"And Steel King Schwab, has he recovered from the injuries he sustained from being thrown from the top of Mont Blanc by that demented guide?"

"At last account, I believe he was progressing favorably toward recovery," answered the divine meekly.

The lunatic stopped and eyed the minister. "You're a minister, aren't you?" he asked.

"I am," answered the minister.

"That man is so wise he can talk by the hour."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "But he isn't wise enough to keep still five minutes."—Washington Star.

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"No, my dear Blacklock," said he, cringing now as easily as he had descended—how to cringe and how to condescend are taught at the same school, the one he had gone to all his life. "It is you I want to talk with. And, first, I owe you my apologies. I know you'll make allowances for one who was never trained to business methods. I've always been like a child in those matters."

"You frighten me," said I. "The last gentleman who came throwing me off my guard with that plea was shrewd enough to get away with a very large sum of my hard-earned money. Besides,"—and I was laughing, though not too good-naturedly—"I've noticed that your 'gentlemen' become vague about business only when the balance is against you. When it's in your favor, you manage to get your minds on business long enough to collect to the last fraction of a cent."

He heartily echoed my laugh. "I only wish I were clever," said he. "However, I've come to ask your indulgence. I'd have been here before, but those who owe me have been putting me off. And they're of the sort of people whom it's impossible to press."

"I'd like to accommodate you further," said I, shedding that last little hint as a cliff sheds rain, "but your account has been in an unsatisfactory state for nearly a month now."

"I'm sure you'll give me a few days longer," was his easy reply, as if we were discussing a trifle. "By the way, you haven't been to see me yet. Only this morning my wife was wondering when you'd come. You quite captivated her, Blacklock. Can't you dine with us to-morrow night—no, Sunday—at eight? We're having in a few people I think you'd like to meet."

"Glad to come," said I, wishing to be rid of him, now that my point was gained. "We'll let the account stand open for the present—I rather think your stocks are going up. Give my regards to the ladies, please, especially to Miss Anita."

He winced, but thanked me graciously; gave me his soft, fine hand to shake and departed, as eager to be off as I to be rid of him. "Sunday next—at eight," were his last words. "Don't fail us"—that in the tone of a king addressing some obscure person whom he had commanded to court. It may be that old Ellersly was wholly unconscious of his superciliousness, fancied he was treating me as if I were almost an equal; but I suspect he rather accentuated his natural manner, with the idea of impressing upon me that in our deal he was giving at least as much as I.

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"AND IN THE MIDST OF THIS QUIET SPLENDOR SAT, OR RATHER, LOUNGED, LANGDON."

cigarette, said: "So you're about to marry?"

"I hope so," said I. "But as I haven't asked her yet, I can't be sure." For obvious reasons I wasn't so enamored of the idea of matrimony as I had been a few moments before.

"I trust you're making a sensible marriage," said he. "If the part that may be glamour should by chance rub clean away, there ought to be something to make one feel he wasn't wholly an ass."

"Very sensible," I replied with emphasis. "I want the woman. I need her."

He inspected the coal of his cigarette, lifting his eyebrows at it. Presently he said: "And she?"

"I don't know how she feels about it—as I told you," I replied curtly. In spite of myself, my eyes shifted and my skin began to burn. By the way, Langdon, what's the name of your architect?"

"Wilder and Marcy," said he. "They're fairly satisfactory, if you tell me exactly what you want and watch 'em all the time. They're perfectly conventional and so can't distinguish between originality that's artistic and originality that's only bizarre. They're like most people—they keep to the beaten track and fight tooth and nail against being drawn out of it and against those who do so out of it."

"I'll have a talk with Marcy this very day," said I.

"Oh, you're in a hurry!" he laughed. "And you haven't asked her. You remind me of that Greek philosopher who was in love with Lais. They asked him: 'But does she love you?' And he said: 'One does not inquire of the fish one likes whether it likes one.'"

I flushed. "You'll pardon me, Langdon," said I, "but I don't like that. It isn't my attitude at all toward—the right sort of women."

He looked half-quizzical, half-apologetic. "Ah, to be sure," said he. "I forgot you weren't a married man."

And so I left him, with a look in his eyes that came back to me long afterward when I realized the full meaning of that apparently almost commonplace interview.

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